

A Harrison Cady Animal Book





THE LION

LEO, it seems, is much amused at how the hippo's nose is used. High Hat Leo is his name, and he is king of his domain. He doesn't look so very savage, as if he'd terrorize or ravage. He looks so gentle and so mild; it's hard to think he might be wild. But meet him in the lonely jungle, and you'll admit you've made a bungle, if you've had a notion that, he's nothing but a great, big cat.



THE HIPPOPOTAMUS

THE Hippo is a weighty chap, his face makes quite a large-sized map. All Africa is his to roam, its rivers, lakes, and swamps are home. They know him as the river-horse, just why, it's hard to tell, of course.

He is not swift, he is not fast; in any race he would be last. And though he's dressed in splendid style, it must be quite a strain and trial, for Mr. Hippo loves that most which brings him to his favorite post, where in mud and slime he wallows deep, spending his time 'twixt food and sleep.



THE KANGAROO

THE timid Kangaroo, you'll find, the high-strung, nervous, jumpy kind. It may be pose, perhaps a whim; it may be conscience troubling him. At any rate, it seems to me, he'd cultivate serenity.

Australia is his home, and there he's free to roam most everywhere. They like him pretty well, I'm told, because he's never overbold. And though he is temperamental, he's none the less very gentle.



THE ELEPHANT

THE Elephant is on his way in pleasant mood and garb so gay. If it were left for me to guess, there is good reason for his dress.

Some lady friend must wait with joy the coming of this gay old boy. The flowers he has are kept with care, the lady's heart perhaps to snare. Jumbo rarely looks for trouble, but when it comes it can be double. The tiger, lion, and the bear will give him room and lots to spare.



THE ZEBRA

THE Zebra's cocky as can be; they need him in the A B C. The handsome stripes so large and wide are one more reason for his pride.

He's African and not so tame, so catching him is quite a game. He makes a useful beast when tamed, the equal of a horse 'tis claimed. In fact, the donkey and the ass are cousins and are in his class. If this be so, our zebra here is dressed in Sunday garb, 'tis clear.



THE BEAR

“**A** splendid day is this for me,” Old Mister Bear said happily. “To have an answer to my wish—for honey is my favorite dish.”

The bear is quite a carefree fellow, you see his patches in the yellow which show he's not so spruce or neat as others in this book we meet. But then we like his disposition; so if we have your kind permission, we'll put him down as quite a hit and not begrudge his honey a bit.



THE UNICORN

WE never saw a Unicorn; he lived before we folks were born. He seems to be both horse and goat, and something of a deer we note. He lived in India, they say, in a mythical, prehistoric day. We wonder why but one horn grew, and what there was he had to do.

What can we say of a unicorn, with his hatrack-y single horn? In all his pictures that we've seen, his forelegs high on nothing lean.

And now you know about this beast; you know as much as we at least.



THE WOLF

ABOUT the Wolf a pleasant word is something that we've never heard. He is a fierce, ferocious beast who kills and slays to make a feast. The prairie dogs above, poor things, have often wished that they had wings, for Wolf is tricky, deadly quick, and up to every cunning trick.

Great packs of wolves in winter days cause havoc by their ruthless ways. Not even man escapes attacks when hunger drives these snarling packs.



THE MONKEY

THE Monkey is a playful lad; we've never known him to be sad. We think we'll name this monkey Jim, because we know a lad like him. We often wonder what we'd do if we had a tail to help our view. That roguish look is in his eye whene'er he lets a cocoanut fly; and how he chuckles jeeringly, for way up there he's safe and free. A tireless rogue on mischief bent, not troubled by his punishment. To punish though, he must be caught or even found when he is sought.



THE XIE

THE artist called this freak a Xie, a funny name you will agree. But not half so funny to our mind as this one and only of its kind. Oh, see the funny tail and queue. Is this a nose or horn that grew? A stylish chap with spats and hat, and see the cane that goes pat, pat. The flower and rattles give him style, or so he thinks, for see him smile.

So yes, the Xie's a curious lad, but since he's a dream, why fret or be sad?

